SKILL

THE

TOY-SHOP;

OR,

SENTIMENTAL PRECEPTOR,

CONTAINING

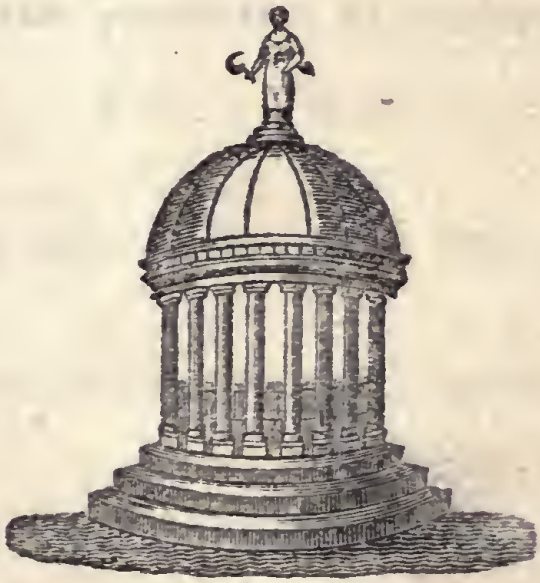
SOME CHOICE TRIFLES

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF EVERY LITTLE MISS AND MASTER.

A new Edition,

Carefully Revised by E. H. BARKER, Esq.

With numerous highly-finished Wood-Cuts.



SWAFFHAM:

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1830.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

TO THE

LITTLE MISSES AND MASTERS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN,

THIS

TOY-SHOP

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND AND WELL-WISHER,

THE EDITOR,

R. J.

PREFACE.

This little book, as well as '*Juvenile Rambles through the Paths of Virtue*,' was first published by the worthy E. Newbery, of St. Paul's Churchyard, who was a true friend to youth, the *parent's assistant*, and an intelligent promoter of juvenile literature. Many of the books, which were ushered into the world under his auspices, and are now entirely out of print, have very great merit, alike in matter and in style; they seem to me much superior to those which are now used; and I hope to be considered as doing an acceptable service to the cause of education by republish-

ing some, which discerning mothers will find to have powerful claims to a distinguished place among school-books, and which, being clothed in the best attire, and ornamented in the newest fashion, may now be admitted into the genteelest society.

Among books of this class, I know none which are better entitled to the attention of parents and instructors than the two, which I have named, and which proceeded from the same amiable and sensible author. They contain a great variety of useful knowledge, and sound advice, in a very captivating style of narration; they teach the youthful mind to observe, to reason, and to reflect, while there is abundance of matter calculated to amuse the fancy, to excite curiosity, to feed enthusiasm, to exercise and cherish the best affections, to direct every generous aspiration, to encourage every virtuous inclination, and to confirm every right principle.

"The boy, who pores in utter disgust,

over the book, which he reads in school, will hasten home to read with avidity his story-book. The true wisdom would then be, to introduce the story-book into school, and thns render his place of education the place of his amusement." PRESIDENT WAYLAND.

"The eager curiosity of childhood, and the boundless gratification, which it is so easy to afford it by well-selected works of fiction, give in fact to education, a stronger *purchase*, if I may use the expression, over this faculty," (of the imagination,) "than what it possesses over any other. The attention may be thus insensibly seduced from the present objects of the senses, and the thoughts accustomed to dwell on the past, the distant, and the future; and in the same proportion, in which this effect is in any instance accomplished, the man, as Dr. Johnson has justly remarked, is exalted in the scale of intellectual being. The tale of fiction will probably soon be

laid aside with the toys and rattles of infancy; but the habits, which it has contributed to fix, and the powers, which it has brought into a state of activity, will remain with the possessor, permanent and inestimable treasures, to his latest hour." DUGALD STEWART'S *Philosophical Essays.*

E. H. BARKER.

Thetford, Oct. 16th, 1829.

THE

TOY-SHOP.

"Come, my pretty children," said Lady Meanwell to her little son and daughter, "as it is a fine day, I will treat you with a walk into the city, and shew you all the curiosities in a certain Toy-shop, the master of which is a most singular character, and reads lessons of morality and virtue on almost all the articles he sells.

He even does not scruple to tell people of their faults; but this he does in such a manner as seldom to give offence.

Horatio and Belinda, Lady Meanwell's son and daughter, were much pleased at the thought of visiting the Toy-shop, and doubted not but their pleasure would be heightened, when they should see the shop itself, examine the pretty toys, and hear the master's remarks thereon; but Miss Belinda observed, that she should not like to be so publicly told of her faults, as to hear them in a Toy-shop.

The lady told her daughter she need not be uneasy about that, as the Toyman entered only on general errors, without troubling himself with

family-concerns. "But I cannot help here observing, my dear, (continued Lady Meanwell,) how unwilling little folks of your age are to be told of their faults; yet one well-timed censure is a thousand times more valuable than all the ill-founded applauses, with which children in general are so much pleased and injured.

Master Horace was of the same opinion with his sister, and thought, that whenever they did a fault, they should not be told of it publicly, especially by a Toyman abroad, or a servant at home. Their papa or mamma he considered as the only proper persons to judge of their con-

duct, and admonish them when necessary.

Lady Meanwell assured her son, that he need not be under any uneasiness for any thing the Toyman might say to them. "But it is necessary, (said she,) that I should set you right in one particular, in which you are undoubtedly wrong. Though I cannot agree, that a servant should ever be invested with the power of correcting a child, yet it would be dangerous to deprive them of the liberty of telling them, when they do wrong. Children commit many errors out of the sight of their parents, being less cautious of their conduct, when they get among ser-

vants, and under less apprehensions of giving offence.

"I knew a lady, whose conduct, with respect to the government of her children, I most certainly cannot commend. Whenever she hired a new servant, she constantly laid this injunction upon them, that such servant should never presume to contradict her children in any thing, but should make it their study to humour them on all occasions whatever.

"This very ill-judged piece of pride, (for I cannot call it by a more tender name,) was attended with very dangerous consequences. Though the children were not suffered to play in the kitchen among the com-

mon servants, yet they were frequently sent out with the nursery-maid for the benefit of the air. The poor girl well knew, that if she did not humour them in every thing, they would make their complaints, and she of course would lose her place.

"Thus fearful of being deprived of her bread, she permitted them, in the course of their walks, to ramble just as they pleased, taking, however, all the care she could to keep them out of mischief; but they were so well known in all the public walks for their rudeness and ill behaviour, that they were shunned by every one.

"They had an elegant country-house, with a lovely park, and beau-

tiful canal, well stocked with the choicest fish. The maid was every fine day, while they were in the country, sent into the park with the children; but she found it exceedingly difficult to keep them from the brink of the canal, and even went so far as to express her fears to her lady on that account. Though their mamma chid them on the occasion, yet the poor servant plainly perceived she had got no good by it.

"A few days afterwards, as the maid and children were taking their rambles in the park very near the canal, one of the young ladies, tumbling over a mole-hill, called out for assistance, when the maid instantly ran to her; but, unhappily, while

she was gone to pick her up, one of the children, a boy about six years of age, seeing some large fish swimming but a little way under the surface of the canal, stooped so forward, that in he fell.

"As the little miss had dirtied herself in the fall, it was a minute or two before the maid could put her to rights. She then missed her little master, and coming to the brink of the transparent water, she clearly saw him lying motionless at the bottom.

"You are both of you too young to conceive what must be the feelings of this poor girl in so dreadful a situation! Without being able to quit the spot, and call for assistance,

she stood immoveable, gazing on the melancholy object, and incapable of uttering a single word. A farmer at last passed by, but too late to be of any service. He jumped in, and brought out the lifeless youth, and the poor girl remained a mope all the rest of her life."

Lady Meanwell, with no small pleasure, saw the tears standing in the eyes of her children, who readily confessed, that the maid ought to have had the liberty of checking them, when they ran into danger; but both Horace and Belinda insisted, that neither of them would have been so thoughtless as to fall into the water, and be drowned.

"My dear children, (replied the

lady,) you know not, at your age, into what absurdities and dangers you would run, were you not properly under controul. Indeed, even the maturest age frequently stands in need of advice; and there are times and occasions, when even I, old as I am, wish to consult others on particular matters. To indulge children in the wishes of their infancy, without occasionally giving them a check, is paving the way to their wretchedness, misery, and ruin."

Such was the conversation between this amiable lady and her children during breakfast, which was no sooner finished, than they made all possible speed to get themselves dressed, and then attended their mamma on the

proposed walk. As they went along, something or other was perpetually attracting their notice. The images in the statuaries' shops, the curious display of particular kinds of hardware, and more especially the picture-shops, powerfully engaged their attention. At last they arrived at the promised spot, and entered the Toy-shop.

CHAPTER II.

On their entering the Toy-shop, Horace and his sister seemed highly delighted with the novelties, which surrounded them. "I have, (said Lady Meanwell,) brought you two little customers, whom I hope you

will use well." The shopman thanked her very politely, and desired to know what she would please to have; but Lady Meanwell left that to her children.

Miss Belinda soon fixed her eyes on a nice looking-glass, ornamented with a gold frame, which the lady observing, desired the Toyman to hand it down, and acquaint her daughter with the use of it.

"This glass, pretty miss, (said the man,) is one of the most useful glasses in the kingdom. In this every little maid may not only see her face, but the picture of her mind also; for if she be angry, let her but look in this glass, and she will instantly see how much she loses, in those moments,

of the sweetness of her countenance. Were some ladies to look into it, they would see more beauty than prudence, more airs than graces, and more wit than good-nature."

After such a description of the glass, it is no wonder that Miss Belinda and her brother were afraid to look into it; however, they at last did, and were happy to find, that nothing was seen in it worse than a smiling countenance.

Lady Meanwell was highly amused with the embarrassment, in which she saw her little son and daughter, who for some time alternately handed the glass from one to the other, without either daring first to look into it. Their mamma, however, to get them

over this difficulty, entered into conversation with the Toyman, when Horace, unperceived, as he supposed, stole a side-look at the glass, and perceiving nothing amiss in it, looked into it boldly, and Miss Belinda then ventured to do the same.

"I suppose, Sir, (said the lady to the Toyman,) you have glasses of a larger size for the use of grown ladies and gentlemen?"

"O yes, madam, (answered he, handing one down,) were a powdered beau to buy this glass, and look into it attentively, he would see his folly almost as clearly as he would his finery. It is true, that some people might not see their generosity in it, nor others their charity, as it is too

well known, that there are those, who want both these good qualities. Some pretended fine gentlemen might look a good while in it, before they would there see their good manners, or others their religion. Were some ladies, whose head-dresses would cover this glass, to look into it, bless me, how they would be frightened at the figure they would there behold! Instead of a delicate and elegant form, they would discover, under a load of wool, powder, and pomatum, one of the most insignificant toys, that ever this shop produced. This glass, madam, would shew the inside of the head!"

All this time, Horace and his sister were very attentive to the conver-

sation, which passed between their mamma and the Toyman; and when the latter talked of beaus looking into the glass to see their defects, little Horace surveyed himself attentively, and then looking into his glass, was highly delighted to find he perceived in it nothing but plainness and neatness. Miss Belinda did the same, and received the like satisfaction.

As Lady Meanwell was looking about her, she happened to see a very little box, which she took up, and asked the Toyman what it was. "That is a box, madam, (said he,) and a very great curiosity, it being the least box, that was ever seen in England; and yet, would you think

it, madam? in this same little box, a courtier may deposit all his truth and probity, a lawyer may screw up all his honesty, and a poet may hoard all his money!"

The lady laughed heartily at the humour of the Toyman; but her son and daughter looked very seriously; and asked her how it was possible, that so many things could be contained in so small a box, which seemed hardly big enough to hold a silver-penny.

"My dear children, (said Lady Meanwell,) I before told you, that the gentleman, who keeps this shop, is a humourist. You must not always determine the meaning of things merely from the words, which

are spoken; for one thing may be said, and the very contrary meant. As to this little box being said to be capable of containing all the truth and probity of a courtier, nothing more is meant thereby, than that you are to suppose, there is neither truth nor probity to be found in a courtier. Though this, indeed, is generally the case, yet you must not conclude it to be always so."

"What can be the meaning, (said Horace to his mamma,) that courtiers should be such bad men? I shall never wish to be one of them."

"I hope you never will, my dear, (replied his mamma,) as you will always find more happiness in the humbler paths of life, than can pos-

sibly be attained amidst the false glare and parade of gilded palaces." And yet, mamma, (interrupted Miss Bel.,) do not you think a coach and six fine horses very pretty things?"

"I own, (replied Lady Meanwell,) there is something in these grand equipages which is very alluring, but at the same time very deceiving. Were those, who are hurried in these splendid conveyances from one end of the town to the other, only to view themselves in your looking-glass, they would shrink from the sight. Instead of that external appearance of lustre and brilliancy, nothing would be seen but the baneful face of disappointed ambition, a continued and disgust-

ng scene of luxury and dissipation, and a perpetual wish after that which is never to be attained. Their nights are turned into day, and they are utter strangers to those calm slumbers and repose, which the meanest mechanic enjoys."

"If a coach and six, (remarked master Horace,) is always attended with unhappiness, may I walk on foot all the days of my life! And all I have to wish is, that it will please God to give me good health, and a continuance of the use of my limbs."

"I would not wish, my dear children, (answered their mamma,) that you should run away with any mistaken notions. I do not say, that unhappiness is *always* the attendant

of brilliant equipages; for, though such is generally the case, yet there are many families, who live in the highest pitch of splendour, and are yet happy. The reason is, that they do not centre their happiness in empty parade, but in the feelings of their heart, arising from the good they dispense among their poor neighbours and dependants. Where the rich have a heart to do good, how many opportunities may they find of adding to their stock of happiness! To relieve the widow and fatherless, to administer comfort to the afflicted, and to encourage and promote honest industry, form the noblest objects of human nature."

After their mamma had done talk-

ing to them, a poor little boy stood begging at the shop-door. "Though we are not rich, nor keep a grand equipage, (said Miss Belinda to her brother,) yet we may find some happiness in being able to relieve this poor boy, who seems to be very hungry: what money have you got, my dear Horace? I have but a penny, and I will give him that with all my heart."

Master Horace put his hand into his pocket, and pulling out all he had, which was twopence farthing, gave it to his sister, who added it to the penny she had, and instantly gave it to the poor boy, who made a hundred bows, and then departed.

Lady Meanwell, in the mean time,

appeared to be amusing herself with viewing different articles in the shop, but her attention was, in reality, wholly bent on the generous conduct of her two children, who seemed to make so good a use of the lesson she had given them. It is much to be wished, that every little master and miss would be equally attentive to the advice of those, who admonish them with no other view, than to promote their happiness and felicity.

CHAPTER III.

Lady Meanwell desired her son Horace would choose something which he liked, when he cast his eye on a spying-glass, and desired the Toyman to hand it to him, saying, it would afford him a good deal of

amusement in the country. Miss Belinda had one also, and whenever she and her brother went into the summer-house in the garden, they always took their glasses with them, in order to examine distant objects, as you may see in the picture at the head of the chapter.

The lady observed to the Toyman, that spying-glasses were very amusing in the country. "O yes, madam, (replied he,) the most useful and diverting things imaginable. The nature of these glasses, madam,—pardon my impertinence in pretending to tell you what, to be sure, you are as well acquainted with as myself,—is this: if you look through it at one end, every object appears consider-

ably greater than it really is, is brought nearer, and perceived with the greatest plainness; but look through it at the other end, madam, and every thing appears lessened, thrown to a great distance, and rendered almost imperceptible.

"It is through this end that we generally look at our own faults; but when the conduct of other people is to be examined, we make use of that end, which magnifies and brings forward every imperfection.

"Through the end, that diminishes objects, (continued the Toyman,) we view all the benefits and advantages we at any time receive from other people; but whenever we confer a favour upon another, we then turn

the glass, and view it in its magnified state. Many people look through the contrary end, when they enviously wish to darken and contract the virtue, the merit, or the beauty of their friends and acquaintances; but fondly compliment their own with the most agreeable and advantageous light afforded by the other end."

"Upon my word, (said Lady Meanwell,) you a new kind of satirical parson; your shop is your scripture, and every piece of goods is a different text, from which you expose the vices and follies of the world, in a very fine allegorical sermon."

"Right, madam, right, (replied the Toyman,) I may, indeed, be called a parson, and am a very good

one in my way. I take delight in my profession, and am never better pleased than to see a full congregation in my shop; yet it frequently happens to me, as it does to most of my brethren, that people sometimes condescend to take home the text, perhaps, but mind the sermon no more than if they had not heard one."

As the shop now began to fill with customers, Lady Meanwell took her leave, and conducted her son and daughter home. Here they were no sooner arrived, than they began examining their glasses, and conversing on what they had heard the Toyman say. They both agreed, that when they had a had a mind to take a sur-

vey of each other's faults, they would constantly look through that end, which diminished and threw them at a great distance; but that they would always look at their good behaviour through the magnifying end.

"My dear children, (said Lady Meanwell,) you must not suppose that these glasses have any power in themselves, to magnify or diminish our virtues or vices. What you have heard the Toyman say, you must take only in a moral sense. All he means is, that we are too apt to flatter ourselves; and while we are so ready to censure the conduct of others, we too often either overlook or are blind to our own errors and imperfections.

"We have an instance of this kind

in the conduct of Miss Caroline Prattle, whose tongue, though it seldom is at rest, very rarely speaks in the praise of any one. The discovery of every imperfection is her constant pursuit, her perpetual line of conversation, and her whole system of delight. It is incredible what mischief she has been the cause of in many families; and what is a little singular, though she has in many instances seen, that such conduct has procured her many enemies, and drawn on her hatred and contempt, yet she cannot give up that evil habit."

"You know, mamma, (said Master Horace,) that Miss Prattle frequently comes here, and if you will

give me leave, the next time she comes, should she begin her old trade of scandal, I will produce my spying-glass, and desire her to make use of it according to the Toyman's directions." His mamma told him she had no objection to his making the experiment, as she was under no uneasiness about her thinking herself affronted by anything her son should say to her. Lady Meanwell thought, that it was doing great injury to conceal from children the fatal consequences of mischievous principles.

It was not long before Miss Prattle came to pay a visit to Miss Belinda, when she presently began her old habit of railing against all her ac-

quaintance. Master Horace instantly ran and fetched his spying-glass, and laying it down on the table, the folloming dialogue commenced: —

Prattle. Bless me, Master Horace, what have you got there? It is a spying-glass, I declare.

Horace. Yes, Miss, and such a one as will be of great service to you, if you will condescend to make a proper use of it.

Prattle. Pray let me know what other use I can make of it than that of viewing things through it?

Horace. If you please, Miss, throw up the window, look through that end of the glass, and tell me in what manner things appear to you.

Prattle. Bless me, that tree, which

is only at a few yards' distance, appears almost invisible.

Horace. Now, Miss, if you please, look through the other end.

Prattle. Dear me, how large every thing appears! I now see many things, which the naked eye could not reach. But what use am I to make of all this?

Horace. I will tell you, Miss, what use I make of it. When I am inclined to pry into the errors and imperfections of little folks like myself, I always take a survey of them through that end, that diminishes the object, and throws every thing at a great distance. I then turn the other end, and through that survey the amiable part of their character,

which I thus behold in a magnified state. This is my constant rule, before I presume, in any company, to make free with the character of another. By this conduct I procure many friends, and do not know I have one enemy. Were those pretty little misses, who are so fond of lessening the reputation of others, in the vain hope of raising their own, to use my glass in the same manner, they would be infinitely more happy, and become universally beloved, instead of being generally disliked.

All the time Horace was thus speaking, the colour came and went by turns in the face of Miss Prattle, who hung down her head, and had not a word to say for herself, but took

her leave and went home. However, it had the happy effect of making her sensible of her error, which she at last so effectually corrected, that she never spoke disrespectfully of any one, and in a little time recovered that esteem and affection of her friends, which she had before imprudently lost.

When any of the servant-maids got to quarrelling, Miss Belinda would run with her glass, and desire them to look in it, that they might see how ugly passion made them. Lady Meanwell seeing the happy use her children made of these toys, promised to take them to the shop again, the first day she had to spare.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days afterwards, Lady Meanwell again accompanied her two children to the Toy-shop, where they purchased a little stuffed dog, which they took a great liking to, on

account of its being the very picture of their dog Pompey, at home.

This Toyman had the art of stuffing the skins of dogs and other animals in so curious a manner, that they had all the appearance of life. On this account his shop was much resorted to by those sort of people, who, finding no pleasure in human conversation, pass their time in the society of dogs, cats, or monkeys.

Of this description was Lady Fanciful, who entered the shop just as our little Miss and Master had made their purchase. The lady desired to see some of his dear, sweet, pretty dogs, for she had just had the misfortune to lose her Chloe.

The Toyman accordingly reached

down several dogs most curiously stuffed. "Here is one, Madam, (said he,) that never eat but upon plate or china, nor set his foot but upon a carpet or a cushion.

"Here is another dog, which belonged to a lady of as great beauty and fortune as any in England. He was her most intimate friend and particular favourite, and on that account received more compliments, more respect, and more addresses, than a first minister of state.

"Here is another dog, which was undoubtedly a dog of singular worth and great importance, since, when he died, one of the greatest families in the kingdom were all in tears, received no visits for several days,

but shut themselves up, and mourned their loss with inconsolable sorrow. This incomparable dog, while he lived, had the honour of turning away upwards of thirty servants, either for their contempt of his person, neglect of his business, or saucy and impertinent behaviour in their attendance on him. He at last died of a cold, which he unhappily caught by following one of the maids into a damp room, for which she lost her place, her wages, and her character."

Here Lady Fanciful interrupted the Toyman, and exclaimed, "O the careless, wicked wretch! I would have had her tried for murder at least! This sorrowful tale brings to my remembrance, with redoubled

grief, the irreparable misfortune I have just experienced."

She then ordered her maid to bring in a box, from which Lady Fanciful pulled out a dead dog, which she kissed and wept over. The maid too appeared to be overcome with grief; but she was no sooner got to the door, than she burst into laughter, saying to herself, "She little thinks I poisoned it!"

"See, (said Lady Fanciful,) see the charming creature here lies dead! Its precious life is no more! O my dear Chloe, thou wilt no more be hugged in my warm bosom! No more will that sweet tongue lick over my face, nor that dear mouth eat

dainty bits from mine! O cruel death, what hast thou robbed me of?"

The Toyman begged her to moderate her grief, telling her, that she ought to be thankful to heaven that it was not her husband; for whose loss, he supposed, if he could judge from the grief she showed on the present occasion, she would indeed be inconsolable.

"Oh! (interrupted Lady Fanciful,) what are husband, father, mother, or son, to my dear, precious Chloe! No, no, I cannot live without the sight of his dear image; and, if you cannot stuff his skin in such a manner as to leave the perfect image of this poor dead creature, I must

never hope to see one more happy day in this life."

The Toyman desired her to be comforted, and taking the box, promised to do the business to her satisfaction. The lady begged to have one look more, and exclaiming, "Poor creature! O cruel fate, that dogs are born to die!" she then left the shop weeping.

"What a scene is here! (said the Toyman.) Are not the real and unavoidable evils of life sufficient, that people thus create themselves imaginary woes? But these are the griefs of those who have no other. Did they once feel the real miseries of life, the death of ten thousand dogs would not disturb their repose

for a moment, or cause a single sigh."

All the time this conversation was going forward, the two young Meanwells were very attentive; and, as soon as Lady Fanciful left the shop, and the Toyman had finished his remarks, Miss Belinda slipped the dog she had purchased under her apron, and Master Horace put his hat close to it, in order to prevent its being seen; for they began to be ashamed that they had bought it.

Lady Meanwell observed this proceeding, and smiling, told her son and daughter that they had no occasion to be ashamed of their purchase. The dog was nothing but a toy, and such as were allowable to children of their age. Miss Belinda accord-

ingly drew out the dog from under her apron, and Master Horace became more cheerful.

"You have often told us, mamma, (said he,) that we should accustom ourselves to treat brute creatures with all the humanity of human beings, and that to use a dog or cat ill, by either neglecting to feed or take care of them, was a very great crime. But this lady is now very much censured for her tenderness for her dog, and the pain she feels at the loss of it."

"It is true, my dear children, (replied Lady Meanwell,) that I constantly endeavoured to imprint on your minds a love of tenderness and compassion in your management

of animals. They are all of them useful in some degree or other, and therefore demand our care and protection.

"This lady's conduct, however, is of a very different nature, since she mourns more for a useless dog, than she confesses she would for the loss of the nearest relation. That dog has been fed with the dainties of her table, while a human being, starving with hunger, would perhaps be denied her charity. There have been instances of dogs and cats being so pampered, and fed so contrary to their natures, that they have at last gone mad, and proved the destruction of their mistaken keepers."

"If that be the case, mamma, (said

Miss Belinda,) I shall be very cautious how I give any more bits to our Pompey; for though he is much my favourite, I should not like to run the hazard of being bitten by him."

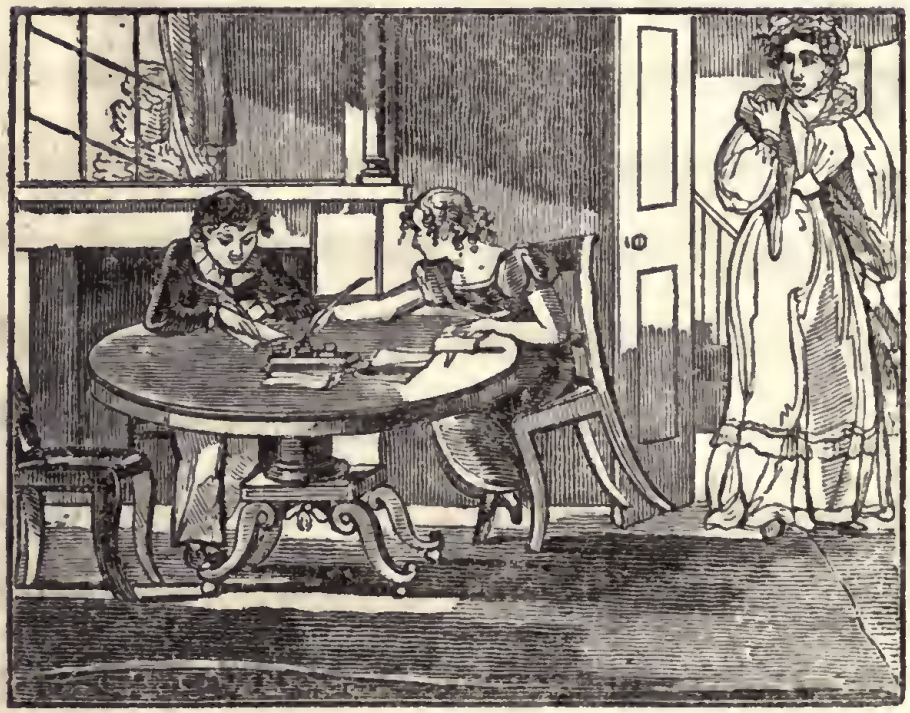
Lady Meanwell told her children that no danger could arise from the few indulgences granted to Pompey. "What I most censure, (said their mamma,) is the conduct of those people, who have the nicest fowls sometimes dressed for their dogs, suffer them to feed off the cleanest napkins, and drink out of silver basins, while a servant is ordered to attend them, in the same manner as they do their masters and mistresses. It even sometimes happens, that hun-

gry beggars rejoice to feast on the leavings of these pampered brutes."

I would advise my youthful readers to endeavour in all their actions, to avoid running into extremes, which seems to be the natural propensity of youth. A dog is an useful animal, and a faithful servant: he guards our person by day, and our property by night, and is not unreasonable in his expectation of reward, since he is satisfied with a plain and coarse diet, which he certainly has a right to expect. This keeps him in health and vigour, and enables him to perform all the duties of his office; but when he is fed with the food of Christians, he robs the poor of their

property, by degrees becomes feeble and inactive, and no longer takes care of either his keeper's person or property.

CHAPTER V.



The Toyman had observed how attentive Miss and Master Meanwell had been to the conversation that had passed, and therefore proposed to their mamma, that she would treat

them each with a pocket-book. Lady Meanwell made no objection to this, provided the Toyman would inform them what use they should make of them. This proposal was readily assented to, and a pocket or memorandum-book was given to each.

"I would advise you always, my pretty Miss and Master, (said the Toyman,) to make a memorandum of the benefits you receive from others, and always to set down the faults and failings which at different times you discover in yourselves. If you remark any thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natured design to hurt or expose them at any time; but add this remark, that it is only for a cau-

tion to yourselves, not to be guilty of the same errors. By these means, a pocket-book may be made a very useful monitor, as well as an entertaining companion."

Lady Meanwell was very well pleased with the directions the Toyman had given for the proper use of the pocket-books, and having paid for them, she and her two children returned home.

As soon as they got home, each pulled out their pocket-book and began to write in it, as you see in the picture at the head of this chapter. Master Horace had but just began to learn to write, and Miss Belinda knew but little of the use of a pen. However, Horace made a shift to make

memorandums, and his sister, in her way, did the same.

It was not long before Horace had an opportunity of making a memorandum in his book. A lady happened to call at Mrs. Meanwell's to enquire after her health, and after staying a few minutes, went away; but, before her departure, she made a present of two very fine peaches, which were at that time very dear, to Horace and his sister.

They had each of them got their peach in their hand, and were searching for their knives, in order to attack them, when a gentleman came in, and, out of sport, snatched them out of their hands, and put them into his pocket.

It may easily be supposed that this was no ways pleasing to the children, who for a moment stood motionless. At last, Horace, recovering himself, said to the gentleman, "I am sorry, Sir, you should be so rude as to snatch any thing. Had you properly asked for them, we would have given them to you with pleasure."

"I must confess, (replied the gentleman,) there is something ungenteel in snatching, and is, indeed, little better than stealing. I like the peaches much; but as you impeach my honour, I will give them up." The gentleman then gave each their peach, when little Horace, with a bow, begged the gentleman would

accept of his; and Miss Belinda with a curtsey, did the same.

"No, my pretty dears, (said the gentleman,) I did it only to try your tempers; and since you have behaved so prettily, instead of taking two peaches from you, I will give you two more." So saying, he put his hand in his pocket, and giving them two finer than their own, took his leave and left them. As soon as he was gone, Horace took out his pocket-book, and wrote in it, "Good manners will always in the end be the gainer."

One day, as young Horace was coming from school, he saw two boys quarrelling, one of them considerably bigger, the less being much about

his own size. The great boy was using the little one very ill, relying upon his strength, and the other was unable to revenge his own cause.

Horace was a tender-hearted little fellow, and could not help pitying the poor boy that was ill-used. He coolly admonished the stronger one not to put upon the other, as that was unbecoming him; but all the satisfaction he got was, to be told, that if he did not go about his business, he should be served the same. Horace was a boy of spirit, and did not like the answer. To be short, one word brought on another, till at last they went to loggerheads, when poor Horace got himseif severely thrashed, and was obliged to give

out. However, he consoled himself, as soon as he got home, by writing in his pocket-book, "Avoid as much as possible all quarrels and contentions."

As he was one day rambling over the fields, in company with several of his schoolfellows, some of them espied a bird's nest, of which they gave the alarm to the rest of their companions; but the nest was so high, and the boughs so slender on which it rested, that it was the general opinion, it would be dangerous taking it; and Horace urged the impropriety of robbing the poor old birds of their young, which they had reared with so much care.

These arguments, however, had

no weight with Tommy Hardy, who was determined to have the nest at all events. He instantly began climbing the tree, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of his playmates. He got to the top of the tree without meeting with any accident; but venturing out too far on a slim branch of it, in order to reach the nest, it broke with his weight, and down he came. Very luckily for Tommy Hardy, he did not immediately fall out of the tree, in which case, the tree being so very high, he must have been killed on the spot; but falling inwards among the branches, they in some degree broke his fall. But down he at last came to the ground, when his companions

picked him up, and carried him home terribly bruised. Horace, before he went to bed, wrote in his pocket-book, "An obstinate temper never wants woe."

Another time, when Horace and his school-fellows were out enjoying a holiday, they passed an orchard of fine fruit in full perfection. They at first contented themselves with looking at them, but the tempting appearance soon filled them with wishes, and it was proposed to scale the paling, storm the trees, and carry off some of the fruit as lawful plunder.

Horace reminded them that it was not doing as they would be done by; that the fruit was the property

of another person, and perhaps of some poor man, who paid his rent with the produce of his orchard, which, indeed, happened to be the case. But they laughed at him, and told him, that he was always spoiling a good proposal.

They all, therefore, except Horace, clambered over the paling, got into the orchard, and began climbing the trees, when a stout fellow, who had been set there to watch the orchard, rushed out upon them with a waggoner's whip in his hand, which he so briskly used as they were making their escape, that many of them felt the effects for several days. As soon as Horace got home, he wrote in his book, "Do as you would

be done by, and you will seldom do wrong."

In this manner did this pretty little fellow make use of his pocket-book; and Miss Belinda, as soon as she could write properly, did the same, to the no small pleasure and satisfaction of their mamma, who was highly delighted with their conduct.

CHAPTER VI.

On their next visit to the Toy-shop, they found a mask lying on the counter, which Horace and his sister having never seen before, they took it up and examined it, and then asked what was the use of it.

"These masks, my pretty Miss and Master, (said the Toyman,) are in the present times very little used; for the people of this age are arrived at such perfection in the art of masking themselves, that they have no occasion for masks of this nature, to conceal their faces from the world.

"You will find infidelity masked under a sanctified demeanour, and wickedness and deceit wearing a blushing countenance.—Oppression is sometimes veiled under the name of justice, and the vilest hypocrite under the greatest professions of sincerity.

"The flatterer endeavours to gain on you under the masked air of a friend, and he that now hugs you to

his bosom, would sell you for a shilling. Calumny and detraction impose themselves upon the world under the mask of wit, and an eternal laugh wishes to pass for good-nature.

"An humble demeanour is assumed from a principle of pride, and the wants of the indigent relieved out of ostentation. In short, wickedness and vice are often disguised and dignified in gold and jewels, while honesty and merit lie hidden under rags and misery. The whole world is in a mask, and it is impossible to see the natural face of any one individual."

"It is a pity, (observed Lady Meanwell,) that none of us can see the ridiculous part of our own cha-

racters; and while we are endeavouring to take the mask off others, we suffer it to remain on ourselves. Could we but once learn to criticise our own actions, and to find out and expose to ourselves our own weak sides, it would be the surest means to conceal them from the criticism of others."

Master Horace and his sister laid down the mask, and said they would have nothing to do with it, since they found its only use was to conceal the face, while the hand or the heart was in pursuit of something unbecoming or disgraceful. They therefore desired to go home, when their mamma took them by the hand, and conducted them thither.

As soon as they were got home, and had rested themselves a little, "My dear children, (said their mamma to them,) what you have this day heard the Toyman remark respecting masks, he applied only to people of the world, such as are grown up to maturity, and every day mix in different companies; but there are children, even of your own age, who have learned to wear the mask, and of these I shall point out one or two.

"Tommy Gibson was a child of a very lively turn of mind, and of a temper by no means naturally bad; but he was too apt to run into mischievous tricks, and then put on the mask of a lie to excuse himself.

"A number of young chickens had one day wandered out of the farm-yard from the hens, and had got into the fields, in which Tommy was rambling for his amusement. He no sooner saw them, than he determined to have some fun with them, as he called it, and immediately began driving them about from one end of the field to the other, till three or four of them fell down and died with fatigue.

"Unluckily for this naughty boy, he was seen by a neighbouring farmer at the conclusion of his hunt, when the chickens lay dead on the ground. The farmer, without saying anything to Tommy, or even being seen by him, went and told

the matter to his father, who thanked the farmer for his kindness, and promised properly to reprimand his son.

"When dinner-time came, Tommy appeared at the table as usual, and his father took an opportunity of mentioning the loss of the chickens, and observed how wicked the person must be, whoever he was, that could be guilty of hunting those innocent creatures in so cruel a manner. Tommy, putting on the mask of hypocrisy and lying, said, that the boy, who could be guilty of such a trick, ought to be severely punished."

"'And what punishment, (said his father,) do you think he deserves?' Tommy replied, that he ought to be well thrashed, and not suffered to

stir out of the house for a week. Mr. Gibson, looking stedfastly at his son, with manifest marks of displeasure in his countenance, 'Tell me, (said he to Tommy,) without the least hesitation, whether you are not the boy who hunted the chickens to death, and consequently deserve the punishment you have annexed to the offence?'

"Tommy seemed a good deal confused; but he had got on the lying mask, and absolutely denied knowing anything of the matter.

"'Thou wicked hypocrite! (said his father to him,) you have not only been guilty of the crime, but have deceitfully passed sentence upon others. That sentence shall now

fall upon yourself; and for the lie you have so shamefully told, it shall be doubled.' Mr. Gibson then took a small cane, and gave him a very severe drubbing; but his confinement at home, instead of a week, was extended to a month.

"However, I have the pleasure to tell you, my dears, that during the month's confinement, he had leisure to think of his crime, was sincerely sorry for it, and from that day became as good a child as his father could wish. My dear children never put on the mask of lying and hypocrisy.

"A very singular and melancholy proof of the danger of young folks putting on the mask of deceit, was

seen in the unfortunate Billy Thomson. He had been permitted to walk in a gentleman's garden, in which were a great number of very fine and valuable flowers. Some beautiful carnations, which grew in pots on a stage, particularly attracted his attention. He wished to have some of them, but knew it would be in vain to ask for them, and there was no opportunity of privately slipping a few into his pocket.

"However, being determined to have some of them, he got softly out of the house before sun-rise, and climbing up the wall, got into the gentleman's garden, when he plucked ten or a dozen of the finest carnations, and put them into his pocket;

but, unfortunately, as he was retreating over the wall, an old rusty nail caught hold of his thigh, and tore it in a terrible manner, without causing any effusion of blood.

"Before noon, the gentleman missed his favourite flowers, when the whole village resounded with the noise of the robbery. Little Thomson was, from some cause or other, suspected, but he flatly denied it, and had taken care to throw the flowers away, that they might not lead to his detection.

"Though he by this means escaped one kind of punishment he would otherwise have received, yet he suffered another still far worse. His wound became very painful, and

he feared to say any thing about it, lest it should lead to a discovery.

"The wound, in a little time, having no care taken of it, began to mortify, when he was no longer able to conceal it, but confessed the whole matter. Alas! his confession was too late, the surgeons could not stop the mortification, and his parents had the grief to see him die within the course of a week. Thus did the foolish desire of possessing a few flowers, that would fade with the evening, cost this unhappy boy his life. Had he not added the crime of a lie to that he had been before guilty of, he probably might have been punished, but would very likely have saved his life. I repeat, my

dear children, never wear the mask of falsehood and deceit."

CHAPTER VII.

Lady Meanwell, being in want of a pair of spectacles, set off for the Toy-shop, and took with her Master Horace and Miss Belinda, as well to give them a walk, as to let them hear

what the sentimental Toyman would say on the occasion. As soon as she entered the shop, she desired to have a pair of spectacles that would suit her.

"Yes madam, (said the Toyman.) Here is a pair, which I am sure will please you. Through these spectacles all the follies of youth are seen in their true light. Those vices, which to the strongest youthful eyes appear in characters scarce legible, are, through these glasses, discerned with the greatest plainness. A powdered wig upon an empty head attracts no more respect through these optics, than a greasy cap; and the laced coat of a coxcomb seems alto-

gether as contemptible as his footman's livery."

"I must confess, (remarked Lady Meanwell,) that spectacles that can do all these things, must be very valuable indeed; and I shall not think any money too much to purchase them, provided you could make me believe all you say."

"Through these glasses, (continued the Toyman,) the common virtue of the world appears only a cloak for knavery; and its friendship, no more than bargains of self-interest. In short, he who is now passing away his days in a constant round of vanity, folly, intemperance, and extravagance, when he comes seriously to look back upon his past actions,

through these undisguising optics, will certainly be convinced that a regular life, spent in the study of truth and virtue, and adorned with acts of justice, generosity, charity, and benevolence, would not only have afforded him more delight and satisfaction in the present moment, but would likewise have raised to his memory a lasting monument of honour and fame."

Lady Meanwell observed to the Toyman, that his shop abounded with excellent articles, such as not only answered the common occurrences of life, but, used as he directed, influenced even our manners and conduct. As to these spectacles, she observed, that, considering all the

uses to which he recommended them, they would be equally serviceable to young and old.

Master Horace said, that he could wish his mamma would lend them to him, and he would get little Andrew Fretful to look through them. He fancied they would be of great service to him, in letting him see how much his temper exposed him to the censure of every one.

Lady Meanwell told her son, that she should have no objection to contribute to the reformation of any boy, but first desired her son to mention his errors.

"I am very sensible, mamma, (said Horace,) how careful I ought to be in giving my opinion of the conduct

of Master Andrew Fretful, lest I should censure those errors in him, which I may myself sometimes commit. I well remember the use the Toyman told me I ought to make of my spying-glass, and at this particular instance look through that end, which diminishes and throws every thing to a distance; but as I am going to relate, not my own opinion only, but that of every one else, I shall lay every thing open and clear to view.

"Mrs. Fretful has two children; a son and daughter, Andrew and Maria; but Andrew is the favourite and youngest. From his earliest infancy, he discovered a perversity of temper, and was perpetually crying, and fly-

ing into passions, without any apparent reason.

"As he grew up, his mamma indulged him in every thing, in order to keep him quiet, and he had nothing more to do than to open his pipes, and he was sure of having whatever he wanted. Yet even this did not keep him quiet; for he soon grew tired of any new thing, when it was instantly thrown away; and if there was nothing within his view to covet, he would cry till they found him something to please his fancy.

"In the mean time, pretty Maria, who was three years older than Andrew, led a weary life with him, being frequently obliged, for whole hours together, to stand and rock

him in his cradle till he fell asleep; and the moment he awoke, and began crying, she was immediately obliged to exert all her little arts to pacify him, and when she could not silence him, frequently got beaten for it.

"The sister of Mrs. Fretful, who was a married woman, in good cirstances, and of an amiable disposition, being on a visit to see her sister, and her nephew and niece, could not fail of being displeased on observing the different treatment the two children received. She considered it as the duty of every parent to treat all their children alike; for when one child is thought less deserving than another, the fault generally lies

with the parents, in the manner of bringing them up.

"This good aunt, with some difficulty, persuaded Mrs. Fretful to let the pretty Maria go and live with her; and thus the sweet girl got out of the reach of her brother, and enjoys the life of a little queen, which every one allows she merits, by the amiableness of her temper, and the affability of her manners.

"As the fretful Andrew grew up, he became more impetuous in his temper, and more difficult to please. The servants were ordered to study his wants, and were instantly discharged on the least complaint against them. You may therefore reasonably suppose, that they were every

month having fresh domestics, till they had tried almost every one in the parts in which they lived.

"Thus hated and despised by the servants, he was not much better beloved by his playmates, from whom he expected the most implicit obedience; but, instead of being humoured by them, he frequently got a severe drubbing, when, as he was a complete coward, he would run home crying to his mother, who always took his part, whether he was right or wrong, and set the whole place in confusion and uproar. Mr. Fretful, who, I suppose, was in the possession of a pair of spectacles like these, saw with great regret this wrong conduct of his wife; but he

was of too peaceable a temper to wish to interfere.

"Andrew was sent to school, in order to learn to read, write, cast accounts, and to be improved in the other necessary branches of useful learning; but he rose so late in the morning, that he frequently met the other boys as they were coming from school. The scholars were always pleased with his absence; for his presence, as he would do nothing himself, only interrupted their studies.

"As he is as little liked by the masters, as by the scholars, he is constantly shifting his school, and will probably tire out every teacher. Hence he is a dunce, despised by all

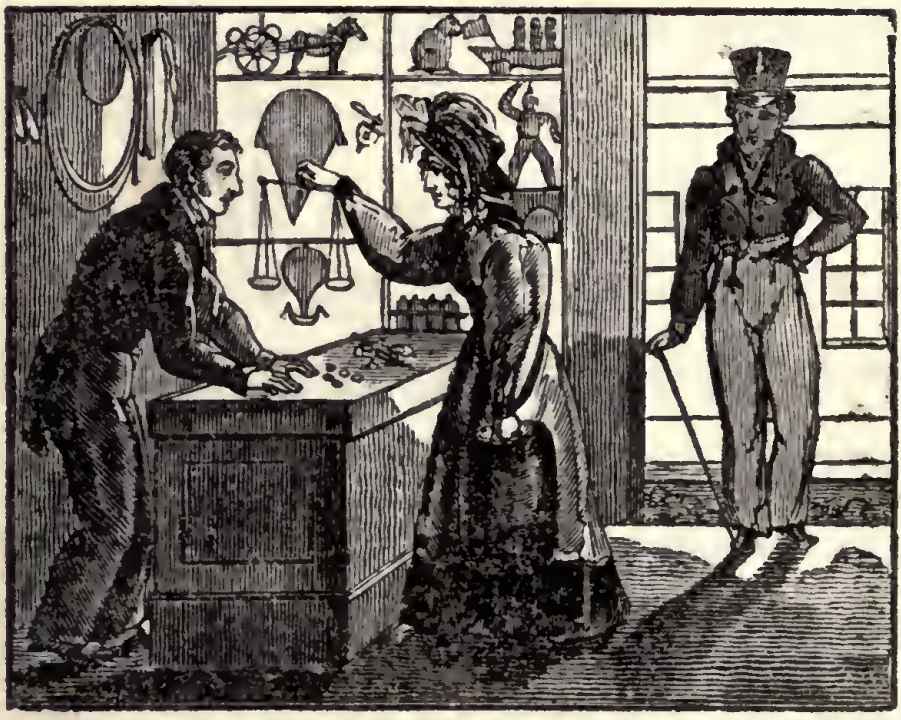
the good boys, none of whom will play with him, or even suffer him to come into their company. I think therefore, my dear mamma, if you would be so good as to lend him these spectacles, they may be the means of convincing him of his errors."

"For my part, my dear brother, (said Miss Belinda,) I think Mrs. Fretful stands more in need of the spectacles than her son, as she ought to know better. I am sure our dear mamma would not suffer us to behave in such a foolish and wicked manner."

Lady Meanwell commended her children for their judicious remarks, but declined lending her spectacles to either mother or son, since it was

much to be feared, that the mother was too old to be taught prudence, or suffer her son to be admonished by the voice of reason.

CHAPTER VIII.



"Now I am here, Mr. Toyman, (said Lady Meanwell, who had not yet quitted the shop,) as there is so much talk about short-weight gold, you will please to let me have a pair of scales, such as you will promise I

can depend on, and such as you will warrant to be exactly true."

"Here, madam, (said the Toy-man,) are a pair so correctly true, that a hair will turn them. They are the very emblem of justice. I will engage they shall justly determine the nicest experiments in the art of weighing. I have tried them myself in some uncommon subjects, and have proved their goodness.

"For instance, I have taken a large handful of great mens' promises and put them into one end, and, lo! the breath of a fly in the other scale has kicked up the beam. I have seen four peacock's feathers, and the four gold clocks in Lord Tawdry's stock-

ings, suspend the scales in an equal proportion.

"I have found by experience, that the learning of a beau, and the wit of a pedant, are a just counterpoise to each other; that the pride and vanity of any man are in exact proportion to his ignorance; that a grain of good-nature will preponderate against an ounce of wit; a heart full of virtue against a head full of modern knowledge; and a thimble-ful of content against a chest-ful of gold."

Lady Meanwell observed, that she fancied there must be something very pretty in the use of these scales.

"It would be endless, madam, (said the Toyman,) to enumerate all the experiments that might be made

in these scales; but there is one, which every lady and gentleman ought to be apprised of; and that is, that a moderate fortune, enjoyed with content, freedom, and independency, will turn the scales against whatever can be put in the other end."

"I must confess, (said Lady Meanwell,) that I am struck with the beauty and usefulness of this kind of moral weights, and I believe I shall take great pleasure in making experiments of this nature."

While Lady Meanwell was putting the scales into her pocket, a gentleman entered, and asked the Toyman if he had any curious pieces of anti-

quity, such as were scarce and valuable.

"Oh, yes, Sir, (replied the Toy-man,) I have a great many curious things. The most ancient curiosity I have got, is a small brass plate, on which is engraved the speech, which Adam made to his wife on their first meeting, together with her answer. The characters, through age, are grown unintelligible; but it is the more to be valued on that account. What is remarkable in this ancient piece is, that Eve's speech is about three times as long as her husband's.

"I have also a ram's horn, one of those which helped to beat down the walls of Jericho. Also a lock

of Sampson's hair, tied up in a shred of Joseph's garment; with several other Jewish antiquities, which I purchased of that curious people at very great price."

"Admirable! (said Lady Meanwell,) these are curiosities of the first magnitude."

"Here madam, (continued the Toyman,) close corked up in a thumb phial, I have some of the tears, which Alexander wept, when he found he could do no more mischief. I have a snuff-box, made out of the tub, in which Diogenes lived and took snuff, laughing at all the world. I have the pitch-pipe of Gracchus, the Roman orator, who being accustomed, in the course of debate, to raise his

voice too high, by touching a certain soft note in this pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate key."

The gentleman observed, that such a pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very useful in coffee-houses, and other public places of debate and modern disputation.

"I believe too, (added the gentleman,) that many a poor husband would be glad of such a regulator of the voice in his own private family."

"But the most valuable curiosity I have, (said the Toyman,) is a certain little tube, which I call a DISTINGUISHER. It is so artfully contrived, that, when rightly applied to

the ear, it obstructs all falsehood, nonsense, and absurdity, entering our hearing faculties; and nothing but truth and reason can make any impression on us.

"I have sometimes sat in a coffee-house for the space of half an hour, and among what is generally called the best company, without hearing a single word. On a dispute too, when I could perceive, by the eager motions of both parties, that they made the greatest noise, I enjoyed the most profound silence.

"It is a very useful thing to have about one, either at church, play-house, or Westminster-Hall, at all which places, a variety of both useful and diverting experiments may

be made with it. The only inconvenience attending it is, that no man can make himself a complete master of it under twenty years close and diligent practice; and that term of time is best commenced at ten or twelve years of age."

The gentleman observed, that such was indeed a very great inconvenience, and would prevent many from becoming purchasers. "But one would think, (said the gentleman,) that those parents, who see the beauty and usefulness of knowledge, virtue, and a distinguishing judgment, would take care to engage their children early in the use and practice of such a DISTINGUISHER, while they have time before them,

and no other concerns to interrupt their application."

"Some few do so, (replied the Toyman,) but the generality are so entirely taken up with the care of little master's complexion, his dress, his dancing, and such like effeminacies, that they have not the least regard for any internal accomplishments whatever; and are so far from teaching him to subdue his passions, that they make it their whole business to enlarge and expand them."

"I must suppose, (said Lady Meanwell to the Toyman,) that your humour for moralizing on every thing you sell, not only proves frequently entertaining to your customers, but also to yourself."

"Very much so, I assure you, madam, (replied he.) It very often leads me into speculations exceedingly agreeable. I can sit behind this counter, and fancy my little shop and the transactions of it, an agreeable representation of the grand theatre of the world.

"When I see a fool come in here, and throw away fifty or an hundred guineas for a trifle, that really is not worth a shilling, I am surprised; but when I look out into the world, and see lordships and manors bartered away for gilt coaches and equipages, an estate for a title, and an easy freedom in retirement, for a servile attendance in a crowd; when I see health with eagerness exchanged

for diseases, and happiness for a game at hazard, my wonder ceases.

"Surely, the world is a great toy-shop, and all its inhabitants run mad for rattles. Nay, even the very wisest of us, however we may flatter ourselves, have some failing or weakness, some toy or trifle, that we are ridiculously fond of. Yet, so very partial are we to ourselves, that we overlook those miscarriages in our own conduct, which we loudly exclaim against in that of others; and, though the same fool's turband fits us all, yet no one will own that it was made for him, and thus shift it round from one to the other."

Lady Meanwell was highly pleased to see how seriously her little son

and daughter listened to every word that was spoken; and when their mamma took them by the hand to lead them home, they walked along without speaking a word.

CHAPTER IX.

THOUGH Master Horace and his sister did not say a word as they went home, yet they by no means forgot what they had heard, but were silently treasuring it up in their minds;

and as Lady Meanwell supposed this to be the case, she did not disturb their silence.

After dinner, however, Master Horace observed to his mamma, between the interval of paring the fruit and eating it, that he and his sister were highly delighted with what the Toyman had said the preceding day; but that there were some parts of his conversation, which they did not clearly comprehend.

They perfectly understood every thing he said about the scales and weights, but could not so clearly comprehend, how a piece of brass, said once to have contained the speeches of Adam and Eve at their first meeting, now entirely defaced,

could be of any use. Sampson's lock of hair, and Alexander's tears, appeared to them equally ridiculous.

"My dear children, (said Lady Meanwell,) as to the matters you have now mentioned, such as the piece of brass, Sampson's lock of hair, and Alexander's tears, they are all mere impositions, and introduced by the Toyman into his conversation merely to shew, how ridiculous some people are in the pursuit of trifles, and what large sums they squander away upon things intrinsecally worth nothing."

Master Horace and his sister now perfectly understood that part of the Toyman's discourse, and thanked their mamma for her kind explana-

nation; but they were still at a loss to determine, what sort of a thing that *Distinguisher* could be, which would require twenty years' close and diligent practice to understand it so as to apply it properly to use. They therefore begged their mamma would explain the matter to them.

"I shall be always happy, my dear children, (replied Lady Meanwell,) to give you every kind of instruction in my power. The Toyman, by what he calls his *Distinguisher*, means nothing more nor less than a distinguishing judgment, to acquire which is the labour of many years.

"We must begin to seek it, as the Toyman says, in our very early days,

and accustom ourselves to make nice observations on every thing we see in others, as well as in ourselves. By fairly weighing in the scale our own imperfections against those of others, we shall, by degrees, become masters of those *Distinguishers*, which alone will be able to conduct us with propriety through the intricate paths of life."

Master Horace told his mamma, that he now perfectly comprehended every part of what the Toyman had advanced. He said he should, in future, endeavour to have that distinguisher in view, which he found was so necessary in every transaction, and endeavour to trace out the meaning of what he might hear, without

being contented with the mere sound of words.

The conversation here ended for the present, and Miss Belinda and her brother went to the window to look about them, when they saw a little boy beating a drum, as is represented in the picture at the head of this chapter. He instantly called to his mamma, and desired her to come and look, saying, he wondered what kind of a sermon the Toyman would preach, on his having a drum for his text.

" I cannot tell, (replied Lady Meanwell,) what he would say on that head; but he would probably compare a drum to the empty part of mankind, who make a great deal of

noise to little purpose. The person who makes a great uproar, in order to drown the slow voice of reason, may be compared to drums made use of in battle, in order to drown sounds that are not pleasing to the ear.

"A little girl, whose tongue is perpetually running, as the saying is, nineteen to the dozen, and who is in the same moment talking of various things, without confining herself to any one, may justly be compared to a drum.

"Those who talk much of the favours they confer on others, the generous acts they are always ready to perform, and the pleasure they feel in doing good, without being known to have done any thing of the kind,

may justly be considered as a drum, whose sound is wafted by the winds to a great distance, but is soon lost and forgotten. The promises of great folks, and the boastings of little ones, have nothing more in them than the empty sound of a drum."

"This brings to my mind, (said Miss Belinda,) the conduct of Betsy Rattle. It must be confessed that she has, considering her age, read a great deal, and has a tolerable good memory. Perhaps I ought to look through that end of my spying-glass, which diminishes the faults we look at, and throws them to a great distance; but as I am speaking only before my mamma and brother, I am

confident I shall not be accused of either ill-will or malevolence.

"Miss Betsy Rattle was so fond of repeating what she had in a manner learned by heart, that she would go on for an hour together without stopping, and would be exceedingly angry if any one attempted to interrupt her, or offered to speak during the whole time.

"She would frequently repeat the same piece of history, and sometimes so often, that one or two of her companions almost got it by heart. She had not the art of giving a turn to her conversation, and never attempted to reason on any one thing she advanced. It was on this account

her playfellows compared her to a drum, and gave her the nick-name of Drum-major."

Lady Meanwell then observed to her children, that it was very hurtful to young ladies to be so full of talk as to suffer nobody to speak but themselves. There was a medium to be observed, between not talking at all, and talking too much; but silence is at all times preferable to impertinence, since the first is often the result of modesty prevailing over sense, but the other has no excuse to plead.

Master Horace said he knew a boy, who, though turned of ten years of age, was remarkably fond of drums, trumpets, whistles, and every other

kind of noisy play-thing. "Indeed, (said Master Horace,) so fond was he of such sort of trifles, that when he had neither drum nor other noisy toy, he would set his tongue and mouth to work, and delight in imitating the crying of cats, or the barking of dogs.

"He was one day passing through farmer Giles's yard, where a very large dog was chained up in the day, and let loose only in the night. As he passed by the dog's house, he began his usual noise of barking, when the animal jumped out, and being within the reach of his chain, he seized him by the skirt of his coat, which soon made him leave off barking, and try the power of his voice

in crying out for help. However, he received no other damage than having one of the flaps of his coat torn off.

"For my own part, I cannot see how any one can delight in hearing unmeaning sounds. In music, either vocal or instrumental, there is something charming, and which always forces me to listen to it with pleasure and attention; but I have seen this boy, when the softest sounds having been played by fiddlers in the street, set up his usual howlings and barkings, and seemed perfectly happy if he could throw every thing into confusion. Why boys should be of so different a disposition, I am at a loss

to account; but certain I am, I never wish to imitate them."

"My dear children, (said Lady Meanwell,) this ever has, and ever will be the case. Nature and education must go hand in hand, or no good can be done. The boy you speak of, perhaps, was taken no care of by his parents, and his mind not being properly cultivated, might be the cause of his delighting in unnatural and noisy diversions. The finest soil, when neglected, and left uncultivated, will soon be covered with weeds, which will choke and destroy every thing committed to its bosom: so the youthful mind, when not properly improved by learning, will run

into disorder and confusion, and perhaps in the end, become pernicious to society, and destructive to itself."

CHAPTER X.

By this time, Master Horace and his sister were grown little philosophers, and began to look down with contempt on all childish toys. As Miss Belinda was one day looking into her drawers, she there found a

doll, which had been given her a long time before, and had lain in the drawer unnoticed, though it had once been her favourite.

"See here, Horace, (said she to her brother,) my poor doll, of which I was once so fond; it used to be my whole day's amusement to dress and undress it, it was my constant and daily companion, nor did I even part with it at night, since I frequently took it in its undress to bed with me.

"Were our worthy friend the Toyman here, would he not say, in this doll you see the vicissitudes or changes of fortune. This doll, which was one day idolized, has been suffered to lie for months in one corner

of a drawer, neglected and unnoticed, like a courtier dismissed from the service of his prince.

"Do, my dear Horace, sit down, and try what kind of a history you can give of this wooden lady. Imitate the Toyman as nearly as you can, and let the doll appear to speak for itself." Horace was very willing to oblige his sister in every thing, and therefore, taking pen, ink, and paper, is supposed to have put the following words into the mouth of the doll.

"As soon as I was formed out of the block, (said the wooden lady,) had received my features from the chisel, and my complexion from the brush of the painter, I was sent to

the Toyman, who finished the work by putting on me a most sumptuous apparel in the modern taste.

"I soon made my appearance in the shop, where my youth, beauty, and elegance presently attracted the attention of a little Jew lady, who paid an extravagant price for me. I always found, that the dearer things were sold, the more they were valued by the purchaser; for young people, and some old ones too, generally judge of every thing more by the price, than by its real value or use.

"As I had not yet received a name, a sumptuous entertainment was prepared, all the little Jews in the neighbourhood were invited to

the christening, and I solemnly received the name of Rebecca.

"During the course of two months my mistress paid me every mark of attention, a fine cradle was purchased for me to repose my wearied limbs in at night, I was shewn to none but her intimates, and handled with all possible precaution, lest my clothes or head-dress should be injured.

"Unluckily, my mistress's papa kept a monkey in the house, of which he was very fond. It so happened, that the monkey, being by accident left in the room where I was quietly sleeping in my cradle, clawed me out of it, tore all my clothes to rags, bit off my nose, and totally demolished the cradle.

"Judge what must be the feelings of my little mistress, when, on entering the room, she found me in this wounded and melancholy condition. As she knew it was her father's monkey who had committed this horrid deed, she was obliged to put up with the sad loss of me, and therefore gave me to the servant maid, who sold me to the Toyman for sixpence.

"In this maimed and shattered condition, I lay in an obscure corner of the shop unnoticed and neglected. At last, the Toyman took pity on me, sent me to have a new nose and be fresh painted, and then put me on a dress more costly and sumptuous than the former.

"I again made a distinguished figure among the most brilliant articles in the shop, and a young lady of fortune, taking a great liking to me, purchased me at a high price. Here I lived with the greatest splendour, accompanied my young mistress, wherever she went, and almost every morning was taken abroad in the coach, for the benefit of the air, and the preservation of my health.

"As my young mistress was going into the country, she could not think of leaving her Betsy behind her, for by that name she called me. I accordingly rode in her lap all the time of the journey; consequently I could not be much fatigued, and my mistress took care to protect me from

all injuries. Indeed, she was a sweet pretty mistress, and used me with the utmost care and tenderness.

"My little lady one morning, attended by her maid, took me in her arms to give me an airing, for she loved me tenderly. They were rambling with me through the fields, when they at last came to a bridge, built over a delightful, limpid stream. Here my mistress stopped a few moments, to look at the fish that were sporting in the water beneath her, and sat me down on the bridge, in order to rest her arms. Alas! how uncertain is mortal life! Not being able to support myself, I fell backwards, when I heard my sweet mistress scream and cry out, "O my

dear Betsy, my dear Betsy will be drowned!"

"I know not in what manner my tender-hearted mistress supported the loss of me, for I was soon at the bottom of the river, and there lay quietly enough for near five weeks, when I was picked up by some country-boys, who were swimming in the river. I found I was now got into very rough hands, as they very rudely tumbled my clothes, and then threw me headlong on the grass to dry, without the least pity or ceremony.

"Indeed, after the boys had dressed themselves, they treated me in a very rude and indecent manner, and in the course of their dispute which should have me, they tore every

thing off my back. At last, they agreed to toss up for me, and the boy who won me, crammed me head foremost, naked and helpless as I was, into his pocket. As soon as he got home, he made a present of me to his sister.

"Though I thought myself happy in thus getting out of such rough and cruel hands, and once more in the possession of one of my own sex, yet I must own that my pride and vanity were exceedingly hurt in finding myself dressed in coarse clothes; a camblet gown, a check apron, a thick cloth cap, and a straw hat, but without either shoes or stockings. I might have been very happy here, had not the seeds of vanity and am-

bition, which had been sown in me in my early days, now sprung up and choked my felicity.

I was, however, soon after, in a worse condition; for my new mistress, who I must confess, was a very good girl, having left me on a chair at the door, while she went into the house for something, some Gipsies came by and carried me off. You know it was not in my power to cry out, and therefore I was obliged to submit quietly to my fate.

"My pride and vanity were now completely humbled; for, as I became the playmate of all the little Gipsies, I was frequently destitute of a rag even to cover my nakedness, and my body and face sometimes

disfigured with grease and dirt. Indeed, they were at one time nearly putting an end to my existence; for their pot boiling not so quickly as they wished, and no more wood being near at hand, it was debated whether I should not be committed to the flames. However, I was saved by a majority of only one, and after escaping many similar dangers, I was at last rescued from their hands.

"It would be too humiliating to my pride, to relate all the miserable stages of life I passed through, till fortune again throwing me into the hands of my friend the Toyman, who discovering my features amongst the dirt and wretchedness that almost

obscured me, took pity on me, and restored me to my former splendour, when I was purchased by Miss Meanwell. Let me intreat that young lady, with whom I find I am no longer a favourite, to dispose of me to some young lady, who will protect me from the insults of the world, and keep me out of the hands of plunderers and assassins."

CHAPTER XI.

As soon as Horace had finished reading his history of the doll, Miss Belinda got up, kissed her brother, and thanked him for the pretty words he had made her doll speak, assuring

him, at the same time, that her doll's last request should be complied with; for though she could not think of any longer making toys her favourites, yet she would certainly present her to some young miss, in whose hands her wooden ladyship would be perfectly safe.

Lady Meanwell was so much delighted with the well-worded story her son had written, that she took him to the Toy-shop, and desired the master of it to hand him a watch that would keep true time.

"Yes, madam, (said the Toyman, giving little Horace a smart-looking watch,) there is one as true as time itself, though I cannot promise it will last so long; for every momen-

tary tick it takes, it is growing older, and hastening to decay, while we who listen to it, are doing the very same thing.

"Were the rich and indolent, on whose hands time is often a most terrible burden, but to look on their watches, and consider how soon the hour-hand passes from twelve at noon to twelve at midnight, they would certainly rouse from their lethargy, and not suffer so many hours to be wasted in the most unsatisfactory pursuits.

"A watch is the true emblem of the human frame. The watch requires to be wound up every twenty-four hours, or else it will cease to perform its office; so the human

frame must, within the same space, be wound up by sleep and repose. If a single wheel of the watch should be obstructed in its course, even by the smallest impediment, the whole machine will be stopped; in like manner, circulation being stopped in the human composition, death instantly ensues.

"The watch, for some time after it is made, is admired for its beauty and elegance; so is the youth of both sexes in their early days; but as the watch grows by time incapable of of keeping its regular time, so does old age make us irregular and imperfect."

Lady Meanwell was perfectly pleased with the Toyman's morality,

and Master Horace and his sister, by their assiduous attention to what he said, seemed to be no less satisfied. As their mamma was now taking leave of the Toyman, Horace put the watch into his pocket, and thought himself as great as a little emperor.

When Lady Meanwell and her children got home, Horace ran to all the servants to show his watch, and his mamma could not help smiling, to see him strutting from room to room, sometimes pulling it out to see what was the hour, and other times holding his head down, to see how the chain dangled about as he walked. It was a new thing, and consequently had its alluring charms.

At length night came, and the watch was to be wound up, which produced a long conversation between him and his sister, concerning the way the key was to be turned. His sister put in the key, and was going to turn it the right way, but was afraid to proceed, lest she should be wrong, and therefore advised her brother to consult their mamma.

Horace could not brook the thought of having a watch, and being obliged to ask how to wind it up, which he looked upon as a meanness unbecoming him. He therefore took it out of his sister's hand, and putting the key into it, with a look that bespoke his courage and resolution,

gave it such a jerk the wrong way, that snap went the spring.

Had part of the house tumbled about their ears, or a whole batch of tarts and pies been spoiled, greater consternation could not have seized them, than this accident occasioned. They looked for some time at each other, without being able to speak a word. At last, each by turns took and put it to their ears, but not a tick was to be heard, for all was silent.

In the midst of this consternation, their mamma entered, and judged by their looks that all was not right. Horace then told his mamma what a terrible accident had happened, and hoped she would forgive him.

Lady Meanwell readily granted his petition, but advised him, in future, never to be above asking advice, since obstinacy was always the companion of ignorance.

The watch being sent back to the Toyman, was soon repaired, and delivered to young Horace, with an admonition to be more careful for the future, and not to do any thing on his own head, and without proper advice, which he promised punctually to observe.

Never more did Horace wind up his watch the wrong way, and took the greatest care of it imaginable. One day, however, he happened to be at the window, looking into the

yard, when he pulled out his watch to see what was the hour. At this instant, his favourite dog was attacked by a strange one, who seemed to be stronger than his. In his hurry to call out for assistance, he forgot his watch, let it go, and down it fell smack on the stones, and he supposed was dashed all to pieces.

However, it happened to fall on the glass, which it broke, without receiving any other injury, the glass having broken its fall. This injury was soon repaired, and the watch was again delivered to him with a fresh reprimand. He then determined to be more cautious than ever, and hardly ever took it out of his

pocket, for fear of some fresh accident befalling it.

He was one day playing at cricket, and was endeavouring to catch a ball, which came straight forwards with great force, when he happened to miss it, and it went smack against his watch. The blow was so violent, that it totally stopped the proceedings of the watch, which was obliged to be sent again to the Toyman.

One day, soon after the watch was repaired, he happened to be playing at trap-ball, when, rising to give the ball a full blow, the button in his sleeve caught hold of the chain of his watch, and bringing it instantly out of his pocket, he gave the ball and watch so violent a blow at the

same time, that the latter was almost shattered to pieces.

His watch having brought him into so many dilemmas with his mamma, he determined to lay it aside, and therefore begged she would keep it for him, till such time as he should lay aside those sports, which had proved so inconvenient to the wearing of a watch.

"I am, my dear, (said Lady Meanwell,) very well pleased with your resolution. It was my fault in treating you with a watch at so early a period of your life. It is too often the fault of parents, to indulge their children in those things, that are very improper for their age, and I see that I have myself run into that error.

"However, I will, the first opportunity, take you again to the Toy-shop, and give you something in the room of it, that may be more adapted to your age. You will from hence learn, that articles of pride or finery, however ardently you may at one time wish for them, will in the end convince you, that they are often inconvenient and pernicious, and seldom produce the pleasure you expected."

"For my part, (said Miss Belinda,) if I wore a watch, I should receive no pleasure from it, as I should always be afraid of doing it some injury." "You are right, my dear, (said her mamma,) we are much better without those things, how-

ever flattering they may appear in the eyes of the world, which would give us more uneasiness than pleasure. Yet young folks seldom properly consider this, and frequently make themselves unhappy and miserable, in sighing for baubles of the most trifling nature, the possession of which would, perhaps, render them ridiculous, and make them the pity of all their friends and acquaintances."

CHAPTER XII.

The next morning proving dull and gloomy, and some rain having fallen in the night, Lady Meanwell thought it would not be prudent to take her children that day to the Toy-shop, and therefore endeavoured

to entertain them at home with her own conversation.

"My dear children, (said the lady to her son and daughter, who were sitting near her on a stool in the parlour,) I have lately taken several opportunities of shewing you the toys of our friend in the city, and I am happy to find, that they have contributed, not only to your amusement and diversion, but also to the improvement of your minds.

"As you advance in life, you will undoubtedly discover that there are the toys of age, as well as of childhood; and that the former are frequently of more serious consequence than the latter, since they make deeper impressions on the mind. It

is an old observation, that few people are without their toy or hobby-horse, as it is frequently called. The toys of our youthful days are mirth, gaiety, and pleasure; those of age, too often, avarice, and a longing inclination after those sports and pastimes, which nature tells us we ought not any longer to think of; and, instead of the rattle, should make ourselves contented with the prayer-book.

"I shall not, however, my dear children, trouble you with a long moral lesson on the infirmities of that period of life, to which we are all hastening from the moment of our birth, but shall proceed to entertain you with the fable of Queen Dentless and Fanny Bloom.

"It is not material to enquire at what period lived Queen Dentless, as it will be sufficient to know, that she had been many years bald and toothless, and her head trembled like an aspen-leaf, which is put in motion by the least breath of wind. Even her spectacles were grown useless to her, and her nose and chin became intimate neighbours. Her stature was considerably diminished, and her back was grown so round, that she altogether formed a most melancholy figure.

"A certain fairy, (for fabulists have invented such beings, in order to give variety to their moral tales,) who had been present at the queen's birth, went to her, and said, 'Have

you any wish, in the present uneasy period of your life, to become young again?'

"'I certainly can have no objection, (replied the queen,) I would cheerfully give up all the rich jewels I possess, and all the money in my coffers, to be restored to the bloom of twenty!'—'If that be the case, (answered the fairy,) nothing more remains to be done, than to find out some blooming girl, who will give up the roses and lilies on her cheeks, her youth, health, and vigour, in exchange for your riches and age.'

"A proclamation was immediately published throughout all her dominions, in order to find, if possible, any one who would give up her youth

and beauty, to make the queen young again. Many idle and disorderly vagrants, allured by the empty parade of riches, offered to give up their youth in exchange for what they would never be able to enjoy; but when they saw the miserable and loathesome condition of the old queen, they declined accepting of her load of years and infirmities, and preferred a wandering life of beggary to all the riches she could give.

"Many others, tempted by the deceitful charms of ambition, made a tender of their service, and were promised to be raised to the highest pinnacle of grandeur; but, as soon as they saw her, they declined the change, saying, 'Of what use will all these honours, riches, and digni-

ties, be to us, when we shall be sunk under such a weight of age and deformity, and when we shall be unable to appear abroad?'

"At length, however, a young country girl, who was as fair and lovely as the blushing morning, and as fresh as the new-blown rose, came and offered to make the exchange. But the terms of Fanny Bloom, (for that was her name,) were too hard, and the queen seemed unwilling to give up to her all her royalty, which she insisted on having. 'Let us, (said the queen, divide the kingdom between us. I will keep one half, and you shall have the other, which surely will be sufficient for a poor country-girl!'

"Fanny Bloom, however, was not to be put off in this manner, and would not consent to part with her youth and bloom, for any thing short of complete royalty. 'Keep, (said she to the queen,) your hundred years and thousand wrinkles, and I will continue my youthful pleasures.' Though the old queen enjoyed nothing of her state and royalty, yet she could not endure the thought of parting with the name of it, and endeavoured to make the best bargain she could with Fanny, who laughed, danced, and sung before her, determined to abide by her own proposals.

"The queen began to moralize with her, and questioned her as to

her abilities to fulfil the duties of royalty, especially as she would be surrounded with the infirmities of age the moment she made the change. Fanny replied, she could not tell how that would be. 'But I should, (said she,) be very glad to try; for I have heard many ladies in our neighbourhood say, how happy they should be were they but queens.'

"While they were thus settling the point, the fairy made her appearance, and asked Fanny if she were willing to become an old queen, and try how she liked the profession. The poor girl had no sooner given her consent, than in a moment wrinkles covered her forehead, and her hair fell from her head; she became

fretful and ill-natured, her head shook, her teeth quitted their usual confinement, and from twenty, she in an instant reached the hundredth year of her age.

"As soon as this change was completed, the fairy opened a little box, out of which instantly flew a numerous retinue of officers and courtiers, dressed in the richest habits, who grew to their full stature in as little time as Fanny had been changed into a queen. They paid her a thousand compliments, and, ugly and deformed as she now was, they dwelt in raptures on the perfection of her mind and person.

"A sumptuous entertainment was prepared for her; but, alas! she had

no appetite, nor teeth to chew her food. She knew not what to say, nor how to behave; a perpetual cough interrupted her speech, and she was forced constantly to keep her handkerchief to her nose. The looking-glass, into which she stole a peep, represented so ghastly a figure, that she began to hate her existence.

"The old queen, in the mean time, as suddenly grew plump and jolly. Her hair flowed over her shoulders in ringlets, and no ivory could be whiter than her teeth. She was all life and activity; but then, instead of robes of state, her garments were short, and her gown coarse and rough. She had not been accustomed to such a dress, and those guards,

who but a few moments before were her abject slaves, were now going to drive her out of the palace as some dirty intruder.

"Fanny then called to the queen and told her, that she plainly perceived, that the one could do no more with royalty than the other without it. They then mutually agreed to return to their former stations.

"The exchange was instantly made, and each resumed their former condition; but, before the transformation was perfectly completed, both began to repent, when it was too late; for they were now both doomed by the fairy to appear in their natural stations for the rest of their lives.

"Every day added something to the affliction of the queen, for it is not royalty that will screen us from the infirmities of age. 'Alas! (she would sometimes say,) were I now Fanny Bloom, I should, indeed, lodge in a homely cottage, and feed on the coarsest provisions; but then I should enjoy all the rural sports, and, under the shady oak, dance with the shepherds and shepherdesses to the sweet sound of the tabor and the pipe. To me the bed of down is little better than the enamelled turf of the field, since I am a stranger to sleep; and of what use to me are numerous retinues, since they cannot alleviate my pains!'

"Impatience under affliction al-

ways increases it; and her twelve physicians, instead of being any assistance to her, hastened her dissolution. In short, after languishing about two months, she took her farewel of royalty and the infirmities of this life.

"Fanny was dancing with her companions on the verdant banks of a purling stream, when the news of the queen's death reached her. She was now fully satisfied of what little value would have been a kingdom to her, of which she would have been mistress so short a time.

"Soon after the death of the queen, the fairy paid another visit to Fanny, and gave her the choice of three husbands. The first was

old, ugly, surly, cruel, and jealous; but, on the other hand, he was rich and powerful, and enjoyed places of high honour and trust. This man would never suffer her to be a moment out of his sight. The second was a very handsome man, kind, affable, and obliging, and descended from a noble family; but he was poor, and always unfortunate in whatever he undertook. The last was a shepherd, as Fanny was a shepherdess. He was neither handsome nor ugly, and would never be over-fond, but would always treat her with tenderness and respect. He would be neither rich nor poor.

"Fanny was very much at a loss which to choose; for her mind was

naturally set upon finery and parade, of which her recent adventure with the queen had not effectually cured her; and it was evident that the shepherd would have been her last choice, had not the fairy thus addressed her.

"'Go, thou silly girl, and take yonder shepherd by the hand; for he must be your husband. You would be too fond of the second I proposed to you, and the first would doat on you. Either of them would make you unhappy; but it will be sufficient if the third will never treat you with ill-manners. You will find it far more agreeable to dance on the enamelled turf, than in a palace; and to be poor Fanny Bloom in a

country-village, than a rich lady, discontented and unhappy amidst the glare of a court. You will be happy with your shepherd all your life, if you can resign grandeur without reluctance.' "

Here Lady Meanwell stopped, having finished her fable, and forbore making any remarks on it herself. After a short silence, " I think, mamma, (said little Horace,) that I clearly understand the moral of this fable. Riches, dignities, and power, without abilities or health so enjoy them, are not only useless but pernicious toys. I think I have heard you often say, that the good things of this world are not to be despised or thought lightly of, provided we have a heart

and understanding to use them properly."

"Undoubtedly my dear, (replied Lady Meanwell,) there can be no crime in being either rich or poor, and the latter is often to be pitied, while the former does not merit our envy. If it be a glorious sight to behold a poor man nobly struggling with misfortunes, it is no less pleasing to see the hand of plenty distributing its bounties to the surrounding objects of its pity and compassion. Happy indeed is that person, on whom Fortune has bestowed her abundance, and to whom Providence has given a heart to do good, since the pleasure the virtuous mind receives in the relief of a fellow-crea-

ture, is inexpressible. The miser, the spendthrift, and the ambitious, are strangers to that happiness; the first loves his gold too well to part with it; the second lays out every thing on his own destruction; and the third cannot endure the sight of an object of misery."

CHAPTER XIII.

As soon as Lady Meanwell arrived at the Toy-shop, she desired the master of it to supply her children with the most useful thing he had

in his shop. She added, that they were very good children, and were grown above those common baubles, which are too apt to attract the notice of those young folks, who are spoiled in their education.

"I have, madam, (said the Toy-man,) with a great deal of pleasure, perceived the attention your pretty son and daughter have always paid to my discourses. I shall not therefore treat them in the manner I generally do little gentry of their age, but shall consider them as possessing minds of a more exalted nature. Let me therefore recommend to them this *Looking-glass*."

"Bless me, Sir, (said Miss Belin-

da,) a *Looking-glass!* why, it is a book!"

"Very true, Miss, (replied the Toyman,) but it is the *Looking-glass for the Mind, or Intellectual Mirror.* It contains an elegant collection of the most delightful little stories, and interesting tales, such as cannot fail of improving and enlightening the understanding. The price of it is half-a-crown, and it is sold by most of the Booksellers. I would recommend the perusal of it to all those who prefer useful knowledge to empty conversation; and substantial advantages to mere phantoms.

Here are also *Adventures of a Silver-Penny,* containing many secret anecdotes of little Misses and

Masters, both good and naughty. Likewise *Juvenile Rambles through the Paths of Nature*, in which many parts of the wonderful works of the creation are brought forward, and made familiar to the capacity of every little Miss and Master, who wish to become wise and good. These are both embellished with elegant cuts, and sold at all the booksellers' shops.

"These two pretty books are sold only for three-pence each. The one is called *The Little Wanderers*, or the surprising history and miraculous adventures of two pretty orphans; and the other is called *The Little Moralists*, or the history of Amintor and Florella, the pretty little shep-

herd and shepherdess of the Vale of Evesham.

"Here are also two pretty books, *The Village Tattlers*, and *The Flights of a Lady-bird*, which are sold only for two-pence each, yet they are worth their weight in gold.

"As you are two such good children, (continued the Toyman,) I will take you into my little library." He then led them into a small room, round which were placed, in very regular order, as you see in the picture at the head of this chapter, a complete collection of new children's books.

"These, my dear children, (said the Toyman,) are the most valuable articles my shop produces. Toys

may amuse you for a time, but the longer you peruse these, the more you will be delighted with them. From these you will learn wisdom and virtue, and in what manner to support yourselves with Christian courage, should misfortune at any time overtake you. In short, from these you will acquire what the world cannot take from you."

The Toyman then presented them with a catalogue of many of the little books that were sold by him, when Lady Meanwell and her children, having taken a kind farewell of him, returned to their own house, where they had no sooner arrived, than Horace and his sister sat down to read the list the Toyman had given

them, many of which they afterwards purchased, and consequently became the wisest and most learned of all their little acquaintances.

THE END.

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